

The Innocence of the Bloody Lamb

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Summary: She killed in her past but was never caught. He murdered and still has bloodlust in his black heart. Tamara isn't what she seems, and when Michael escapes, she is faced with a difficult choice: kill or protect? Rated T for violence.

1. plchl: Innocence Cloaked in Blood

****A/N**** The beginning of this is mostly based off of Rob Zombie's remake while the rest is based off of the original! I'll try to update once a week on average, but it may be longer or shorter. Review for longer (and more awesome!) updates!

The beginning of this will be a little sweet and is mostly to introduce you to the situation and how Tamara meets Michael. It will be more of a horror story as time goes on. But, again, this is a little mushy. Enjoy!

****Part One: Masks on the Wall****

****Chapter 1: Innocence Cloaked in Blood****

She was a very pretty girl. Long legs, slender build, fair skin, shiny red-brown hair, and the most beautiful, bright, sapphire eyes anyone had ever seen. Now, as she sat alone in the corner reading a book, you may think that she was a shy girl, but she wasn't. In high school, she had been in all the school plays, been part of the debate team, and had beat up her friend's abusive boyfriend. She had been suspended for that and had to miss senior prom. But no one would ever guess that.

They also wouldn't guess that she had killed her own cheating boyfriend and her uncle who had almost raped her little sister. That's why she had to leave her home in Rhode Island and change her name. She soon got a job as an aid at Smith's Grove Sanitarium. She started out by helping the little kids get to sleep at night. When everyone trusted her enough, they moved her up to helping with the

older inmates.

She became a sort of comforting presence to most of the inmates. It was a good deal for her. She was what many called a "Midnight Mother." She was allowed to live at the asylum as long as she was there to help anyone at night. If one of the children (or adults, as it were) had a nightmare or any trouble sleeping, she would be there, sometimes sitting by their bed, holding their hand all night. They seemed to love her. And she loved being there. It was a way she could forget her past.

But she never thought much about her future.

Until that dayâ€¦

"Hello? Is anyone there?" someone said knocking on the girl's head. She groaned and opened her eye to find the amused face of her older coworker. He smiled down at her with yellow teeth. He was not attractive, but he was a kind old man. His name was Frederick, but he was known as "Ol' Fred."

"What? What time is it?" she asked.

"Tami, it's noon," he said with a slight laugh.

"Can I sleep in?" she asked pulling the blanket up over her head.

"Tamara SÃ©raphina Savannah Marietta Crimson! You get up right now! I will go get the nurses to drag you out of bed! Besides, one of the doctors needs your help," he said.

Tamara groaned. "Fine, I'll get up!" she rolled (quite literally) out of bed and got dressed. She wore a simple white dress, white headband, white shoes, and white blazer. It was a sort of uniform for her. She was forced to wear some ridiculous outfit all the time. She couldn't count the number of time one of the patients spilled food, paint, or some other dye on her.

Still, she loved all of them.

Ol' Fred led her to a wing of the sanitarium she had never been in before. "Tamara, this is Dr. Sam Loomis. Dr. Loomis, this is the aid you requested, Tamara Crimson,"

"Tamara, wonderful to meet you," Dr. Loomis, a white haired man, extended his hand.

Tamara shook it. "Tami, if you don't mind," she said with a kind smile.

"Tami, then, would you like to meet our patient?"

This block of the institution wasn't for those harmless, schizophrenic or severely bipolar patients who have suicidal thoughts or may be deathly afraid of grass or something. This was for the murderers. People who wanted to kill and harm others.

"So what didâ€¦Michael?" she asked. Loomis nodded. "Michaelâ€¦What did he do?"

"Wellâ€¦" Loomis began, "Maybe we shouldn't talk about that now, okay?"

She looked at him strangely, but nodded anyways.

"Oh, here we are," Loomis said. One of the guards who were with us unlocked the door. The first thing she noticed was the large collection of masks hanging on the wall. All were made out of paper-mâ€¢châ€¢. In the corner was a man wearing one of the masks and also making another. It reminded her of when her father would make piÃ±atas out of it just for the purpose of her or her sister's birthdays or just because he was home.

That was before he was killed in a car crash.

But the masks brought her home, in a way. And she was enjoying herself here.

"Michael," Dr. Loomis addressed the man, "this is Tamara. She's the aid I sent for,"

Michael didn't even look over at me. He simply continued to make another mask.

"Alright, Mikey, stand up," the guard said with the chains in his hands. 'Mikey' did as he was told. Tamara now realized how huge he really was. A good 7 or 8 inches past 6 feet. He would tower over Tami. If he wanted to, he could easily kill her or detach a limb. She almost began to have second thoughts.

Almost.

What made her stop were his eyes. She could barely see them under his long, dark blond-brown locks of hair. But they were there and they were beautiful to her.

"Michael's not much of a talker," the guard said as he put the chains on him, "but he's never hurt anyone to my knowledge. Well, I mean in here. Exceptâ€¦but let's not talk about that now,"

"If it's alright then, we'll all leave you two alone," Loomis said. He, Ol' Fred, and the guards left the two. Michael stared at her for a long time and then sat down again. Tami didn't know what to do. Normally, the doctors gave her special instructions like go play with a child or read a book out loud or silently do something in a separate corner and wait for them to come to her. But she was alone on this one.

She took a deep breath and made her way over to the table where Michael was making the mask. She timidly slunk into the chair across from him. He looked up at her. She shivered at it. It wasn't something she really felt comfortable with. He didn't like her there that close to her. And he wanted to show it. He had the urge to push her away. But she was so fragile andâ€¦different. What made her different? He could hurt her now; cut her open and see if she bleeds red.

Oh, no, mustn't do that, Michael. That would be naughty. Very naughty.

Stillâ€¦

"Michael, don'tâ€¦you don't have to be afraid of me," Tami said, "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm not going to let anything hurt you," she had the instinctive reaction to touch his hand. The second she did though, she pulled away, "Oh, I'mâ€¦" Sorry. Say sorry. But she couldn't. Her cheeks were red and she was very uncomfortable. Not because she had just broken about seven of the asylum's rules as well as several of her own, but because he didn't like her. She was used to being adored and admired by everyone she worked with, but now the friendly atmosphere was replaced by a cold one. If she was one to cry, she might have then and there. But she didn't cry. Not ever. She knew that she was strong inside. Her ambition drove her to stay.

She was different. Michael didn't know why, yet. She wasn't anything unusual. Sure she was pretty, but so were most of the nurses in the asylum. Like all the nurses, she was pretty, frail, and way too fake. There was no way she could possibly be so innocent. Still, it seemed as though she was hiding something. Some dark little secret. She wasn't what she appeared to be. Innocent? He didn't think so.

"Michael, do you mind if I help you?" she asked. She looked into his eyes and practically forced him to look into hers. He tilted his head as he gazed into her deep blue and sparkling eyes. They were like pools. Like the ocean. Vast and full of mystery. And his, Tami thought, were so intriguing. They were almost black. She saw the night sky in those two orbs. They were intimidating, but held the promise of excitement. Unpredictability.

That was the first time she wanted to kiss him. She wondered if he felt the same.

Breaking eye contact with him was the most natural and the hardest thing she'd ever done.

To her shock (and Dr. Loomis' for that matter) Michael pushed the mask over to her for her to work on. A slight smile passed over her lips. She took off the blazer she was wearing because she knew how messy this could get.

Tami went to sleep that night with a huge smile on her face. It had been a good day. She got a new room, too. It was right down the hall from Michael's. She was now the aid for him alone. And, so far, things were looking good.

Michael was happy, too. He had decided he liked Tamara. She could live. He would allow her to live. He didn't mind her presence. Maybe he could grow to love her. One dayâ€¦

****The Next Day****

Tami woke up to someone shaking her arm. She wasn't used to this new schedule yet. She didn't bother doing her hair nice and just pulled it back in a bun.

Michael still had to be chained up. He wasn't trust enough yet to be left alone with her unrestrained. She sat down with him at the little table. Michael had finished making another mask and was in the middle

of painting it. When she entered, he pushed the mask that she had been working on the previous day towards her. She began painting it with him. For the longest while, they sat in silence.

Finally, she took a breath. She knew she had to say what was on her mind. She would go insane if she didn't tell him what she was thinking. She had been trying to remember something since she saw him. She just didn't know how to say it.

"It's weird you, know?" she said casually.

Michael looked up a bit annoyed. No, he didn't know. What was weird?

"It's just, I have that strange feeling we've met," she continued.

Oh really? That clears it _all _up. What on earth was she talking about?

"I mean, I feel like I know you. That somehow we met a long time ago. I'm sorry, that doesn't make any sense, does it?"

He tilted his head. She had been thinking it, too. He had felt that way. He knew her, maybe, or knew someone like her. He just couldn't remember when they met. But they couldn't _really_ know each other. He knew her story. She had come from Texas to become a nurse. Her parents were divorced and she never visited them and she had no other family besides a sister whom she never talked to. She couldn't afford to go to college, but was happy as an aid. No more, no less. Very average for people up here. Besides the poor family life, she seemed to be generally happy. There was no way they could know each other. That was that.

"Michael, Tamara, lunch time!" one of the nurses said as he made his way in with a large tray with two plates on it.

"Tami," Tami muttered. Her name was so dark. She hated being called Tamara. It sounded like Samara which was that creepy girl from _The Ring_. She wasn't that creepy girl and never would be. Never againâ€¦

The nurse didn't hear her remark. Actually, he chose to ignore it. She was a pretty thing, and every man knew she was. Every one of the male nurses also thought about her at night, even if they were lying next to their girlfriends, they were thinking of her. He, too, thought of her and what Tami didn't know was that they had arm wrestled in the kitchen to decide who would get to bring them their lunch. He, Liam O'Conner, the red haired Irish nurse was the biggest and strongest of them. Still, his size was small compared to Michael. Michael glared at him as he came in. Liam had gotten drunk once and began using his "Irish charm" on one of the young female nurses. He had kept Michael up all night with his curses and cheesy pickup lines. Michael knew that if he ever got the chance, he'd kill him. But not in front Tami. No, no, she was much too delicate for that. But that didn't mean that he wouldn't protect her.

If Tami knew what was going through either man's mind, she would have probably slapped Liam and quit being Michael's aid. She wasn't ready to trust another man after what happened to her and her friend. This

is why Tami was oblivious to the fact that she was desired by most men under the age of thirty and several over it. She wasn't aware that she was pretty. Her own fears forced her not to believe that she was worthy of admiration. She was afraid to love and afraid to be loved.

That didn't matter now, though. In fact, that thought never crossed her mind as the tray was set down in front of her.

"Is there anything else I can get for you, lass?" Liam asked with a thick Irish brogue that was faked. Liam was born and raised in America by American parents and had American grandparents. He had only been to Ireland once when he was a kid.

"No, I think I'm good," Tami said. She recognized his fake accent, but smiled politely to him.

"Alright, lass. Me name's Liam if ye need anything," he said flashing her a bright smile.

The second he left, Tami rolled her eyes and shook her head. "What was that about? He was so weird," She took a bite of her food.

Michael didn't look at her, but he was confused. How could she not know she was beautiful? Was she just trying to be modest? He liked modest. Judith had been anything but. She had flaunted her looks and bragged about her perfection all the time. She had also told him how _im_perfect he was. And she had hit himâ€|

Tami had the beauty of Judith, but didn't seem to know that she could use her looks to get whatever she wanted. He liked that. Innocence, maybe. Or maybe she was just naÃ¬ve.

All Michael knew was that, for the first time, he didn't want to kill someone. He liked to be around the girl. She was soâ€|something.

Tami was happy, too. Michael brought a sort of calmness to her. Peace. Just being around him made her feelâ€|what was it?

2. plch2: Promise of Protection

****Recap**:** Tamara is an aid at Smith's Grove Asylum. She is a very pretty girl but had to run away from home after killing her cheating boyfriend and abusive uncle. She has been a Smith's Grove for a while and has recently been transferred to being the personal aid of Michael Myers whom she can't help but feeling a connection to. Michael, himself, has been feeling the same way.

****A/N**:** Review for awesome chapters! This chapter (hopefully) will be a little more exciting. As you may have realized, I mostly switch back and forth between Michael's and Tami's POV. Enjoy!

****Part 1: Masks on the Wall****

****Chapter 2: Promise of Protection****

****One Month Later****

Tami was in the cell with Michael. It was a quiet day and a cool breeze from an unseen open door blew through the halls. Tami was smiling and Michael was, too. Making the masks was such a pleasure to her. She didn't know what else she's rather be doing.

She looked up to see that Michael was also looking at her. His eyes were soft and gazed so gently at her. Suddenly, Tami felt beautiful. She looked into his eyes which looked brighter, almost hazel. Then her eyes fell to his smile. So natural and adoring. She almost couldn't help leaning over to be closer.

And she did. She leaned over and kissed him. She actually kissed him. And he kissed her back. Great warmth filled her body as she did. When she finally broke the kiss, she was content for once. Not so vulnerable, just safe.

Then Michael spoke. "Tamara," he said. His voice was much higher than she had expected. Almost like a woman. "Tamara," he said again.

A sharp shake to her snapped her out of her peaceful, dreamy sleep. What had just happened? Where was Michael? Did they kiss? No. I had been a dream. Waking up from a nightmare would have been wonderful, but this just brought disappointment. Sometimes, it was better to have a nightmare. Dreams are full of lies and things that can never be.

"Tamara!" Melly, another aid now shook her. Melanie was the aid to another patient in the same block as Michael. "Tams, you awake now?"

"Yes, Mel, I'm awake," Tami said, and she was unhappy to be so. She hated to be woken up. And she hated to be woken up from such a pleasant dream. She had been so happy. Now she was just cranky and annoyed. She got dressed into a new outfit: a blue floral tube top, white jeans, and purple Converse. September was cold, but inside wasn't that bad.

Melanie walked with her to the cafeteria and they both got breakfast. It was the first time in a few weeks that she had eaten in the cafeteria. Most of the time she ate with Michael, but Michael was getting treatment (or therapy, as Tami called it) from Loomis this morning instead of in the afternoon as usual. Therefore, Tami saw some of her old friends. Some of the other Midnight Mothers came and talked to her about Michael and her new job.

"Tami, I'm sorry," Allen, one of the nurses for the younger children came up to her, "Do you mind if I bring Angie over to say hi?"

"No, not at all!" Tami said, "Bring her over!" Angie was one of the children in the asylum. She talked with a terrible stutter and used to have a lot of trouble sleeping.

"Tami! Tami! Tami! Tami! Tami! Tami!" the little blond haired girl was jumping up and down. Tami picked her up and placed her on her knee.

"Hi, Angie! How are you doing?" Tami asked.

"G-g-g-good! I-I-I-I h-h-haven't b-b-b-been h-h-having a l-l-lot of

tr-tr-trouble sl-sleeping late-lately," she said excitedly.

"Oh really? That's good news!"

"Y-yes!"

"Have you missed me?"

Angie nodded.

"I've missed you! Can I have a kiss?"

Angie stretched her neck and kissed Tami on the cheek.

"Thank you!"

"W-w-w-will you c-c-come and s-s-s-see m-me?"

"Of course I will! Now go eat your breakfast!"

The little girl hopped down and went with Allen over to the children's table.

"She was cute!" Melly said.

Tami nodded. "What time is it?" she asked.

"About ten. Why?" Melly replied.

"Michael's done at ten-thirty. I still have half an hour to waste," she replied looking down at her food.

"Wow, you really can't wait to get there, can you?"

"So what? I can be excited about my job,"

"I think it's more than that, Tami, I think you've developed a little crush on Michael Myers,"

"Really? You think that? You realize I've never had a conversation with him because he never talks and all we do is make paper-mâché masks?"

"I don't know, maybe. I mean he is pretty cute,"

"What do mean?"

"Well, he has really pretty eyes,"

"Oh, shut up,"

"I think maybe,"

"Shut up,"

"Tami has a crush~!"

"Oh, that's mature,"

Melly laughed a little. "It's not a bad thing. I mean, just because

he killed his sisterâ€" "

"What?"

>"What? You didn't know heâ€|Okay, I'm telling the story. Michael Myers has been here since he was a kid. At six years old, he killed his older sister on Halloween night,"<p>

"Why?"

"No one really knows. He just killed her. If he had a motive, he'd be in juvi, not here. He just snapped I guess. The weird thing is that he claims he doesn't remember anything,"

"So he killed his sister and doesn't remember it?"

"Right,"

Tami should have been shocked to hear this, but she realized that it still made Michael better than her. She had killed two people for a reason and there was nothing wrong with her. She killed them because she was angry with them. She should be the one locked up, not Michael.

"Hello, ladies," someone said sitting down next to Tami then someone sat on the other side. Liam and equally strong friend Charles were now towering over her. She didn't like this. It made her feel crowded and blocked. She didn't know what to do, but she really wanted to leave.

"Tami, you're lookin' good in that shirt," Charles said staring at her breasts.

"Hi, Charles!" Melly said. Charles was very good looking, and Melly really liked him.

"Oh, hi, Millie," he said, not taking his eyes off Tami's breasts. Tami tugged on her shirt and pulled it up.

"Melly," Melly corrected.

"Yeah, whatever, hey would you do me a favor and go get me a Coke and something to eat?" he asked.

"Ummâ€|okay," Melly said.

Tami looked at her with pleading eyes, but it didn't help, Melly left. Charles took out a cigarette and lit it. "So, Tamara,"

"I think I should go now, I have a patient waiting," she said and stood up. Quickly, though, she was forced back down.

"Where do you think you're going? I'm sure that Michael won't be needing you right now," Liam said. He had dropped the phony Irish thing a while ago. Now he was just plain annoying and cruel.

"I think I'm going to leave," she said standing up. She was forced back down again, "What do you think you're going to do in front of all these people?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing to harm you," Charles blew a puff of smoke into her

face. She almost gagged on it.

"Stop or I'll scream," she threatened.

"No you won't," Charles said. He then threw the cigarette down and grabbed her head and forced her face towards his own. He then French kissed her and grabbed her breast. She thrashed against him, but Liam grabbed her hands. His large body blocked what was going on from the rest of the cafeteria because the table she was at was a ways off from the others. She squealed, but no one could hear her over the roar of the conversations.

Suddenly, though, Charles was lifted up and thrown to the ground. Liam immediately let go of her hands and Tami coughed and spit out the taste of tobacco. She then turned to see her savior. Michael, wearing the mask she had made, was standing over the squirming man who staggered to his feet. Charles was completely shocked and confused. When he got up he looked at Michael with rage. He raised his fist to punch him, but Michael caught it in his cuffed hands and held it there. Liam immediately took action beating Michael who couldn't hold Charles and fight Liam. To everyone's shock, though, it was Tami who took action. She took her arm and wrapped it around Liam's neck. She yanked backwards to pull him away from Michael and then kned him in the gut. She took her elbow and jabbed it into his back. His knees buckled and he fell to the ground.

She then turned to Charles who was still trapped by Michael, but his jaw had dropped at her performance. "Michael, let him go," she said and Michael obeyed after a moment.

Several security guards came over. They all looked at each other confused. It had all happened so fast, none of them really knew what had happened. "Ummâ€|" one of them finally said, "Can someone explain what's going on?" Two guards immediately grabbed Michael.

"No, no!" Tami said to them, "He's not to blame,"

"Really, then who is?" one of the guards asked.

"These two," she pointed to Liam and Charles as they tried to sneak away, "They were sexually harassing me and Michael was only trying to protect me,"

"Can anyone else testify for that?" the guard asked trying to sound smart.

"I can," Dr. Loomis who had watched the whole thing said, "And it was just as Tamara said. Michael never hurt anyone,"

The guard sighed and ordered the other two to release Michael. After the whole thing calmed down and everything went back to normal, Tami hugged Michael. "Thank you," she whispered, "I was so scared," she exhaled and let go of him. "Are you alright?" she asked running her hand along where Liam was hitting him. He nodded and they returned to Michael's cell. Michael's chains were taken off him. He was now trusted to be around her and not hurt her. They continued to make masks for a while. Then they ate lunch, more masks, and then it was time to eat dinner. After dinner, Tami read to him. She believed reading Shakespeare was safe because it was so hard to understand and wouldn't do anything to his mind. Therefore, she read Macbeth.

Besides the fact that it was a bit violent, she loved the play.

"'Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, and fill me from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood,'" she read. Michael had no idea what that meant, but it sounded nice from her lips. Why had he done what he did today? He couldn't bear to see anything harm Tami and he would have gladly killed them for her. But somehow, Tami had given everyone the shock of their lives. This little girl, who was like a porcelain doll, had almost knocked out the huge, huge Charles. She was a lamb. A small white lamb that had just eaten the big bad wolf.

Yes, she was a lamb. But she was his lamb. He had decided to do whatever it was to protect her. Even if he had to kill, he would gladly do it for her. She was the only thing that mattered to her at the time. And she had helped him. She had pulled Liam off him and almost knocked him out.

She was different. He was sure of that now. Different in a good way. A good different. He liked this type of different.

And she was slowly falling in love with him.

And that frightened her. Hadn't she promised herself she's never love again? Never face the pain of not being loved back?

But Michael did love her. More than she'd ever know.

3. plch3: A Crimson Pinky Promise

****Recap****: Tami, a sweet innocent nurse at the sanitarium, has fallen for one of its killers, Michael Myers. She is in trouble, though. Charles and Liam, two of the male nurses, tried to assault her, but she was rescued by Michael. Now they're pissed off, but at least she has Michaelâ€¦

****A/N****: Thanks ****teiaramogami**** for the great review! Sorry that it took so long for me to get this chapter up!

****SlasherXGirl****, thanks so much! Hope you enjoy this chapter just as much!

****BabyBlion**** I know she's very Mary Sue-like, but that's because she's actually a guilt-crazed killer and trying to hide it. It's an act she puts up so that no one would dare suspect that little ol' she was a murderer. This chapter shows a flip side to her personality! Also, a lot about her is from Michael's point of view and he sees her as the most wonderful thing in the world, so it's a bit of a warped view.

EVERYONE ELSE: Sorry this took so long to get up! I had a ton of shopping to do and finals and had to help host Thanksgiving. I hope that now that all my shopping's finished, the holidays are done, and we have a break from school that I'll be able to get more and more chapters up. Review if you like it and I'll get chapters up A LOT quicker!

****Part 1: Masks on the Wall****

****Chapter 3: A Crimson Pinky Promise****

****That Night****

Tami hadn't felt good about the last few days. She was horrified that something was going to happenâ€¦

â€¦to Michael.

That was all she really cared about as she stood looking into the restroom mirror. It was probably midnight by then. She hadn't bothered to check the clock. It was dark and everyone was asleep. And besides, no one could hear her down here if she had talked to herself (which she often did).

But now, she looked at the face in the mirror. Looking at your face in the mirror when there is no light does strange things. You see yourself differently. It's frightening especially if you don't expect it or you have just said "Bloody Mary" three times because you were dared to.

Now, Tami didn't see Bloody Mary, but she might as well have. She saw what she thought she really was. A monster. She didn't deserve to be here as a nurse. She should have been locked up here. She should have been killed, even. The death penalty, even if they didn't have it in Rhode Island. She didn't deserve the life she had now.

She shut her eyes as she couldn't bear to look upon her wretched soul that stared intently back at her from the glass, but it didn't help a thing. In fact, it may have only made it worse.

"_Tami! Tami, Please!" the man yelled in terror as she knew her sister had. She wanted him to. She really wanted to hear his agony. "Tami, you don't have to do this!"_

"_Oh, really?" she asked in a cruel and vicious way, "You shouldn't be telling me that. You should have told yourself that before you HIT HER!" She took the knife and plunged it into his chest. She heard his cry of pain and felt her face become soaked with warm, wet blood. And she smiled and laughed manically. She enjoyed this. She enjoyed thisâ€¦_

How could she? Why did she gain so much pleasure from this? Why?

'Click!' came a sound and Tami's eyes flashed open. In the mirror was her face. The lights were on. She heard footsteps and turned to see two massive figures by the door.

"You nasty, violent, deceiving little bitch!" Charles said approaching her. She backed up against the wall trembling a little bit as Charles and Liam towered over her.

"You ratted us out. We could lose our jobs, you know that?" Liam spat.

"You should," she said.

"Well, if we're going, we're doing some damage beforehand," Charles

grinned.

"No witnesses this time. And no Michael either," Liam growled, grabbing her arm.

"Don't touch me," she hissed.

"Or what?" Charles asked, "You'll scream? Scream for who? No one will hear you down here,"

"Let. Me. Go," she ordered and kicked at him. Charles grabbed her by the neck and slammed her against the wall.

"Oh, and what are you gonna do about it?" Charles asked, "Liam, lock the door,"

Liam went over to the door and locked it. He smiled evilly back at her. She knew what they planned to do.

Tami spit in Charles' face. With a curse out of him he threw her across the room into the mirror. It shattered. Amazingly, Tami wasn't hurt. She wasn't bleeding a drop. In fact, she was laughing. This angered the men. Charles grabbed her by her shirt collar and dragged her backwards. He grabbed both of her hands and held them behind her back so that Liam could punch her. As he came close, Tami used her legs and with as much force as she could, she kicked him backwards. He stumbled back into the light switch which sparked a bit as her crushed it. The lights began to flicker now. Tami kicked Charles, who was shocked, and freed herself.

Yes, she could have run, but it was as if she were possessed. She picked up a long shard of broken glass from the ground and sent it right up through Charles' neck into his brain. He flailed about, but only for a second. Then his lifeless body was limp. She smiled as crazed smiled as the blood seeped out. Then, with a quick, birdlike twist of her head, she looked at Liam. He was staring at her psychotic eyes, filled with bloodlust, as he backed up towards the door on his back.

"No, no, no," he whined. She slowly walked towards him. He got up and yanked on the doorknob, but it was locked. He banged on it, "Help! Oh, Lord, please! Help! HELP!" but Tami grabbed his hair and with the strength no one would assume she would possess, she ripped him away from the door to the mirror. She bashed his skull against the part that wasn't broken several times. His forehead and nose were now bleeding. Then, she grabbed a handful of glass and tore the helpless man toward the stall. She kicked it open and shoved his head into the toilet. She dropped the glass into it and flushed as she held his head in there. The glass tore up his face and he flopped around like a fish on the dock. Then, he was still.

Tami smiled and admired her work. Then she looked at her hands. She clenched her teeth and turned to leave the bathroom.

Michael, at this time was pretending to sleep in his bed. He wasn't sleeping, though, and his mind was wandering. He was concerned for Tamara. She was so frail. What if those two came back for her tonight? They would try to hurt her or even kill her.

He hated feeling such anxiety. This was why he was glad he had no

family to worry about. Now he felt something different. It was almost anger towards the girl who had caused him to worry. Why her? Why must he worry about her? She was so young and innocent.

There's that word again. Innocent. Why was she so innocent in a place like this? It seemed like a virgin in a whore house. She didn't belong here. She should be out at some college messing up her life, not doing it here. But still, she was his. She may not have known it yet, but Michael had decided that he would keep her. She was the little puppy he's found out on the street in a cardboard box. Mom, can I keep her? She needs me?

He had decided that he would. Forever.

Then, the sound of footsteps brought him out of his thoughts. He closed his eyes and pretended to sleep, listening as they came closer. It was likely one of the night guards. They always paced through the halls.

But, no. These steps were different. They weren't the lace, slow pace of the guard as he strolled through the halls. This was much faster andâ€¦frantic. Lighter, too. Michael looked up as a shape began to open the door. The person closed the door and then the keys dropped from their hand. Michael looked at them, but couldn't see them in the shadows. She stepped closer to him and he saw Tami's face. But she looked different. Was she hurt?

"Michaelâ€¦" she said with almost a sob, "I've done a very bad thing," She now stepped into the pale light and showed him her hands. They were red. Blood-soaked. Like his had beenâ€¦

"Michael, I need to tell you something," she said sitting down in a chair, "My name's actually Tamara Whitman. I used to live in Rhode Island. When I was younger, before I came here, I got into a fight with my best friend's boyfriend. It was only a few days before the prom and I was suspended. My parents went out of town at the beginning of the week so my younger sister and I had to stay at my uncle's house.

"A few days later, one of my friends called me and told me that my boyfriend was going to prom with another girl. I was annoyed. I told my uncle that I had to go out the night of prom. I went to the school and snuck in through the second floor window. I was wearing my prom dress so that I'd fit in, but I was still able to easily climb the tree and get in the window.

"Anyways, I got into the school. As I was coming down the stairs, I saw my boyfriend with the girl he was going with. I overheard them talking. He wanted to bring her home that night. She asked about us and said she thought we were still together. He told her that we were, but he really only liked the way I looked and was going to break up with me soon. I knew that he had no intention of breaking up with me and realized that he was using me.

"A little while later I found him. He was a little tipsy and easily overpowered. I drug him up to the rafters above the auditorium and slipped a noose around his worthless neck. It was as simple as a push as the prom queen was announced and he was gone.

"When I returned home, I planned to sneak right up to bed, but I

heard my sister screaming. I ran down to the basement and found her and my uncle. My uncle had a sledge hammer and my sister had several bruises around her arms and a huge welt on her head. She was sobbing and my uncle just glared at me. He got off of her and started towards me. I knew if I ran, he would chase me, so I did. I lured him away from her into the kitchen. I grabbed a knife and when he came at me, it was only too easy to bring him to his knees. I then slashed away at him while he begged me to stop, but I wouldn'tâ€¦I couldn't.

"I killed him. I completely killed him. There was barely any carcass left at the crime scene. I gave my sister the phone after I had packed my things quickly and then I fled. I ran as far away as I could get, staying in crack houses and gas stations until some nice old man without any children took me in and helped me. Then I came here. And now," she looked down at her hands, "Now I've killed again. I'm not better than you, Mikey, not by a long shot. It's safe to say you're the best of us two,"

Michael stared at her. This had to be a dream. This had to be a joke. Would they joke with him? Were they allowed to? He almost hoped so.

But then again, he almost prayed she was telling the truth. She could take care of herself if she was. She could really, truly be his if she was. He could finally, deeply, utterly, and truly love herâ€¦if she was.

And she was.

"Michael, don't you realize what this means?" she sobbed, "I have to leave you. I'm so sorry, but they'll be looking for me in the morning. It won't be hard to figure out it was me. There are cameras all around and my fingerprints and DNA will certainly be at the crime scene. It wasn't self-defense, they'll see that,"

Michael wished he could say something to calm her down, but even if he could, he wasn't sure what he could possibly have said to her to make her feel better. Tell her everything was going to be fine and that a new day was coming? That wouldn't work. That wouldn't even help a little bit. But what could he do. He reached out and put his large hand on top of hers.

"Michael," she wailed, "Please, I have to go!" she looked down and her chest heaved. She felt bad because of what she had done; not for the boys, they had it coming to them, but because of what she now had to do. "But," she said, "Promise me we'll be together one day again. Promise that, if you ever get out, that you'll find me. Promise?"

Michael nodded. It was an easy thing to promise her.

Tami held up her hand. Her pinky was extended from her fist, "Pinky promise?"

Michael looked at her. It was a very childish thing to do, but somehow it made sense.

"Pinky promise that no matter what, we'll be reunited and that you'll protect me forever and I'll protect you just the same?" she asked, "Andâ€¦and that you'llâ€¦you'llâ€¦love me like I love you right now?"

Because I do love, Mikey, more than anything else in the world,"

This last part made Michael smile a little bit. Yes, yes he would promise that. He would promise that a thousand times over. He caught her pinky in his own and swore all that she asked of him without saying a word.

Then, Tami hugged him tightly and just sobbed. An innocent killer. Michael knew he wasn't better than her. He killed and he enjoyed it. She murdered to protect herself and she was here falling apart in his arms because she felt such remorse.

Now, though, Tami ran. What from, though, Michael wondered? From being caught and sent to jail or even just being locked up here? Or was she running from what she had done and the pain she felt from it? He knew that Tami wasn't one to flee from someone trying to restrain her. No, she wasn't afraid of a cell or concrete walls or iron bars. She felt at home around them. There was space for her there. But guilt, that was her true prison. That was what she feared most of all.

And she couldn't get away. Even as she slipped passed the guards with the little belongings she had, she could not escape herself or what she had done now or in the past.

He watched her disappear into the shadows of the halls and then turn the corner. Then he stared into the dark until someone came to get him back into bed. He had let the most wonderful girl go. But not forever. They'd be together again.

They both knew that.

4. p2ch4: Moving On and Looking Back

****Recap****: Tamara brutally murdered Charles and Liam in the Sanitarium's bathroom after they threatened to rape her. After that, she went to Michael's cell and admitted to him what she had just done and told him about her dark past. She then made him pinky promise to find her one day, always protect her, and love her unconditionally forever before she fled the asylum.

****A/N****: Happy almost New Year! Yay! 2012! That means the apocalypse is comingâ€|maybeâ€|who knows? Damn those Mayans!

Oh, so I've (finally) watched all of Zombie's remake andâ€|I have no idea which movie this is going to be based off of. Probably a little bit of both movies as well as my own little version.

****teiaramongami****_, thanks for the review! And I'm sorry! She had to leave T-T. But here's a little secret: they find each other again ^^

Thanks, ****forgetmenotflowers****_, I'm so glad you liked it! Hope you enjoy this chapter just as much ;)

Anyways, enjoy this chapter! Oh, and this is the beginning of Part 2! Review if you're dying for more!

****Part 2: Looking for Tamara****

****Chapter 4: Moving On and Looking Back****

****Two Years Later****

Illinois was a lovely little state. Not little like Rhode Island had been, but there were lots of quaint towns. Plenty of places to hide and never come back. Two years was a long time. People forget about things in two years. They forgot about Michael quicker than that and they forgot about Tami, too.

Tami loved her little town. She was very happy there. Being twenty-one, she could drink (legally). That was useful, too, because it helped. Smoking did, too, but not as much. It helped her forget. But she'd never forget Michael.

She had new friends, too. They didn't know anything about her and believe the lies she told about her past. They were good people.

She had an apartment and a job. The apartment was small and there were mice in the walls, but it was cheap. And besides, she didn't have to stay there all day long. It would have been fine if she just wandered around in the local park (local, for that town, meant that she had to walk three miles into the neighboring town) or visit some of her friends.

For two years she settled in and relaxed. She had become very much at home in her new town, until that Octoberâ€¦

Tami always had a love for children. She was in heaven when she was allowed to take care of the children in the sanitarium. Children didn't judge you. They saw you as you were.

This was why Tami's ideal job was that of a babysitter. It may seem strange that a twenty-one year old was babysitting, but she was very much trusted with children. And many of the teens in town were going to parties on Halloween. Tami, of course, was not.

This Halloween, she was watching two 7-year-old twin girls, Scarlet and Ruby Bailey, and their 9-year-old brother Red. Tami didn't know where they got their names, but she assumed it was likely from a package of Crayola crayons. On top of the Bailey children, Red's best friend Matt was joining them.

Before leaving, Tami had to change into a costume because she promised the kids that she would dress up, too. Her outfit of choice was a witch costume. She had a dress on that appeared to be a black corset with gold lace over a ruffled white shirt with puffy sleeves that were off her shoulder. The skirt was midway down her thigh with four layers: black being the shortest, yellow longer and under it, then orange longer still and under that, and finally white lace that just peeked out under the orange. She had on thigh-high black-and-orange socks and large, shiny black platform high heels. She then had a hat with a large black brim and the triangle part was colored like candy corn. She was, as the package described a "Candy Corn Witch." She had also added long fingerless gloves that came up passed her elbow (although it kept bunching up below it), one black and the other orange. She had glittery eyes and her nails were

painted yellow. She really did go all-out for Halloween.

When she got to the Bailey house, she was greeted by Scarlet dressed as little red riding hood with her red hood and little blue dress and black flats, and Ruby dressed as the little mermaid in a dress with purple at the top and green sequins at the bottom. She didn't need a wig as she already had red hair. Abigail, their mother, was on the phone and all dressed up in little black dress. Robert, their father, came down the stairs with his hair gelled back and in a black suit.

"Ooh, la, la, Mr. Bailey, looking spiffy there, aren't we?" Tami joked.

Robert laughed, and then said, "Tamika, again, I can't thank you enough for this. I mean, it was so last minute,"

"Not a problem at all!" she said. She had changed her name to Tamika, but still went by Tami, although, people often spelled it 'Tammy.' Sometimes, someone would comment on how unusual it was for a girl of her ethnicity to have a name like 'Tamika.' Whenever someone did comment, she would just calmly explain that she was adopted and that she was named after her adoptive mother.

She then went into the living room where Red dressed as Batman and Matt dressed as a skeleton were sitting on the couch watching some sort of fighting show.

"Hey, you two! Whatcha watching?" she asked sitting down next to them.

"Wrestling," Red answered.

"Yeah," Matt said, "Wrestlemania,"

"What?" she asked.

"Wrestlemania," Red replied, "I got the DVD for my birthday,"

"Oh, really?" she asked. It was all very confusing to her and she honestly didn't care, but she liked talking to the kids. It was hilarious to her when Scarlet and Ruby came over and joined in trying to explain to her everything that was going on. Everyone was talking at once and she understood "Piledriver," "Fighting," "Undertaker," "Shawn Michaels," and "Career."

"Alright," she said and did the old smile-and-nod like she understood. Then she watched it (kind of, but more of zoning out) with them until it was time to leave. She left the candy basket out with the "Please take one" sign. With a quick thought of 'Yeah, right,' they all left. "Come on," she said holding onto the girls' hands and running after Matt and Red. It was still light out when they were trick-or-treating.

When they reached one of the houses, a familiar face greeted her. "Laurie! Hey!" she said with a smile.

"Hey, Tam," her younger friend greeted back, "Oh, you didn't actually dress up for this, did you?"

"I think I look cute," she grinned.

Laurie laughed, "Well you look something, but I'm not gonna say,"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! I do not!"

"A little bit,"

"No way,"

"Yeah, just a bit,"

"Fine! I tried to cover up, but they don't make any adult costumes that are appropriate! At least this one covers my tummy,"

They both laughed.

"Yeah, well here," Laurie handed her a piece of candy, "For your 'tummy.' You're in costume, you get candy,"

"Gee, thanks," she laughed.

"Yeah, well, I'll be seeing you then,"

"Yep, bye!"

The rest of the night was pretty normal for Tami. But Tami didn't know what had happened later. Not until Tommy and Lindsay were at the door, screaming and yelling. Tami tried to comfort them the best she could.

"Tommy! Lindsay! Calm down! Calm down! What happened?" she asked.

"A man! A man broke into the house and tried to kill us! He had a knife!" Tommy sobbed.

"Laurie's still there! She told us to call the police!" Lindsay cried.

"Okay, okay! Calm down! Why don't you go upstairs with the kids, I'll call the police!" she tried to be calm. They both went upstairs and Tami picked up the phone and dialed 911.

"911, what's your emergency?" a woman asked.

"Yes, I'd like to reportâ€¦" what would you call this? "I'd like to report that there is a man with a knife trying to kill my friend over at her house, thank you,"

That was pitiful, but it was the best she had. She told them where Laurie lived and how she knew about it and who she was. Then, Mrs. and Mr. Bailey arrived home and Tami explained what had happened. They were a little concerned that she would be hurt, but she assured them that she'd be fine and then she left.

She didn't head home though. She went to the Doyle house instead. It may have been stupid, but she was through with playing it safe. And curiosity got the best of her.

When she got there, she was shocked to find someone she knew.

"Sam?" she asked. The old doctor turned and his jaw dropped when he recognized her. She took a step backwards and debated running. Would he turn her in? Certainly he would have heard about her littleâ€|mishap with Liam and Charles.

Then she realized that she wasn't near Smith's Grove. Loomis had no reason to be here. She now marched right up to him. "Where's Michael? What's wrong?" she asked.

"Tami? Tami, you're supposed to be deadâ€|" he said to her.

"What?" she asked.

"Michael had broken out of his cell. He had your blood as well as the blood of those two nurses' who hadâ€|confronted you on his hands. We were certain that he killed you, but your body was never found. What are you doing here?" he explained.

Tami shook her head in disbelief.

"Oh, no, Tami, you have to leave. You have to get out of here. He'll be trying to find you. You have to go right now!" he began to push her away. She just started to run. She just ran and ran until she was sobbing. She had nowhere to go. Did she even want to go? What was important was that Michaelâ€"her Michaelâ€"was here in Haddonfield. And he had saved her. He had taken the blame for what she had done. And he was somewhere in the town.

She had to find him.

But now, she was in the woods. She looked around and tried to remember how she got there. She had just been running. Why did she choose to go into the woods? She needed to get out and she knew that. The only thing she could think to do was run. And so she did. She just ran. It reminded her she was free. Even when she didn't feel it.

She came to a barn that was famous for always having a Halloween party every year. Now, though, it was empty. She was relieved that she was there, though. She knew the way from where she was. Down a hill, over a creek and then across a field to the old house. She had been here before. Now she climbed up a tree into a broken attic window, and she sat down in a corner and sobbed.

She immediately stopped when she heard the door close downstairs. "Michael," she breathed. After the moment it took for her to remember how to move, she bolted up and ran across the floor. She sprinted down the stairs, nearly tripping in her platform heels. She burst through the kitchen door and came face-to-face with the 6-foot-8 masked Michael Myers.

Behind the white mask, his eyes glared at her.

She stared back at him. Didn't he recognize her?

Then a terrible thought came to her: was this even Michael?

5. p2ch5: Mina, He Loves You Still

****Recap****: Tami had to run away from the sanitarium and is now in Haddonfield on the Halloween Michael came home. She learned he was there and that she was supposed to be dead because Michael took the blame for all that she did. She ended up hiding in his house until he came. When she confronted him though, he didn't seem to recognize herâ€|and Michael doesn't like people in his houseâ€|

****A/N****: Wow thanks for all your amazing reviews guys! I'm pleasantly surprised that everyone likes this story so much! Happy New Year, everyone!

Thank you_**SlasherXGirl**_! I'm so glad you liked it! ^^ Hope you like this one just as much!

**Luv4RobPattz**, Thanks! Enjoy this one, too!

Review for more (The more reviews, the faster the chapters come out and the better they are!)

****Part 2: Looking for Tamara****

****Chapter 5: Mina, He Loves You Still****

Tami was frozen where she stood. She didn't know whether to run into his arms and risk him killing her or away and being away from him forever. They spent the longest time just staring at each other. It became evident to Tami that he didn't know who she was. Michael clutched the knife tighter.

It was true: Michael didn't know it was Tami. Tami had changed. She used to always wear white. It was strange, but he never really saw her as a girl. She was always dressed appropriately and normally had her hair in a ponytail or bun. Her makeup had always been very subtle, too. She hadn't been slutty or sexy like Judith had been. Now, she was wearing black and orange. He could see her breasts and her long legs. Her eyes were glittered with eyeliner and her lips were painted. Her hair was straightened and hung loosely down her back. She had let it grow out, too. After only ever seeing her in her uniform, she was unrecognizable to him and most other people. The only way Loomis had recognized her was the fact that he'd seen her all dressed up before and he knew her voice well from listening to a tape over and over again on which she had spoken.

But Michael saw her as just another teenage girl who had broken into his house to have sex with her boyfriend. Just another victim to him.

Tami saw that, too. And for once, she was afraid of him. "Michael, please, it's me," she said.

He cocked his head slowly and looked at her. Unfortunately, "me" wasn't familiar to him. He slowly walked towards her and backed her against the wall. The blade came down fast and she ducked with a yelp, narrowly missing getting her throat slit. Then she pushed him away with all her might and made a break for the door. She was now in a panic. Michael not only could, but was trying to kill her. She tugged on the door knob but the door was locked. Her growing anxiety made it too hard for her to unlock it fast enough. She turned around

to see Michael standing at the end of the hall. He began to walk towards her.

"Michael, please, I'm your friend," she said, but she knew he didn't remember. She ran to the stairs and took them two at a time. She knew the house and she knew that most of the doors were locked. She tried desperately to open any of them as Michael came up the stairs, his footsteps blended in with the beat of her heart. She was screwed. All the doors in the hall she had chosen were locked. Michael was now at the end of the hall coming towards her. She let out a little sob.

It's strange to know that you are going to be killed by someone you love unconditionally. Tamara was petrified and yet she was so in love with him. She felt bad for him and yet she was afraid of him.

The thing was that she knew she could fight him off, but to do that, she would have to seriously hurt him if not kill him. She couldn't bring herself to do that. She had to remind him that he loved her. She made one last attempt to reach him.

"Michael," she now softly said, "Michael, please. You know me. Don't you remember? It's me, Tamara. Michael, you know me. You know me,"

Michael kept walking towards her unaffected by her words. He was only steps from her.

"You promised," she was sharper now; "Don't you remember you promised? Don't you remember?"

He was right in front of her with the knife raised high above her head like a storm cloud waiting to strike her with a bolt of lightning. She was on the verge of tears, now.

"Please," she whined, "Don't you remember this?" she caught his free hand and hooked her pinky around his.

Immediately, the knife fell from his hand. Tami then wrapped her arms around him and sobbed into his chest. Gently, he held her close to him, too. He was almost crying, too. He almost killed her. He had promised to protect her and he almost killed her right there. He could never let anything hurt her again. He loved her. He really didâ€|

Tami then fell limp in his arms. She was exhausted. Michael easily picked her up and carried her to his old room. She was so beautiful when she slept. He could have sat there all night and just watched her. But he had work to do.

Michael remembered the day she left. He broke out of his cell easily. Going down to the bathroom, he found the bloody mess Tami had left. He smeared himself with their blood. It was all over his arms when he finished. Then he ripped the security camera out of the wall. It wasn't one that recorded and no one had been watching. He then returned to his bed and awaited the hell that was coming in the morning.

Tami was safe now, though, he just had to find his sister. And kill her. He was at the door when he heard Tami again.

"Michael! Michael! Please, don't go!" she ran up and hugged him from behind and buried her face in his chest. He turned around to face her. "Please? Stay with me?" she whined. But she could smell something on him. She knew it was blood and it didn't surprise her. Her shaking hand moved up to touch his chest. There, she found ripped green fabric dripping with the stuff. "Michael, you're hurt. You were shot,"

She touched the bullet hole and Michael's hand shot up and grabbed hers. It obviously hurt him.

"Oh, Michael," she breathed. Working as a nurse, she knew this wasn't good (but anyone could see that). She knew this would be fatal to any human.

That's when Michael fainted. Tami gasped and caught his head before it hit the wall. She dragged him into the living room and put a pillow under his head because she couldn't lift him. She then ran around the house gathering up anything she could find that would help her. There weren't very many things for her to use and certainly no medical equipment. She made do with what she had. There's no telling if what she actually did for him would have saved him. She had to tear her skirt up (or cut it using a pair of scissors) to make bandages. When she had done all she could do, she climbed onto the old, dusty couch and curled up into a ball, shaking from the experience. She was afraid to go asleep and have him die, but she was afraid to stay awake and have to watch him take his final breath.

Eventually, though, her eyes shut.

When the young girl awoke, the house was much brighter and cleaner. Michael wasn't there anymore. She heard voices in the house. She slowly stood up and wandered towards them. The broken floor boards were no longer there and the holes in the wall seemed to never have existed. Didn't act surprised, though. For some reason, everything seemed so normal.

She walked into the kitchen to see a family of three all eating breakfast. They all seemed so happy. She learned from their conversation that the mother was Edith, the father was Donald, and the daughter was Judith. Judith...

Now she remembered. Judith was Michael's sister. That must have meantâ€¦

A baby cried from upstairs. The mother groaned and got up from her seat. When she returned, she was holding the most adorable baby boy. "It's alright, Mikey," Edith said rocking him in her arms. Now Tami knew that this was Michael's family.

The scene changed now. It was nighttime and Edith had aged. She now was pregnant and dressed in a long evening gown. Judith came down the stairs with a sleeping bag and uttered something about going to a sleepover. A moment later, the doorbell rang. A much older Michael came running to the door. He opened it and a teenage girl wearing a light blue dress and a heart-shaped locket smiled and walked in. Tami was shocked. It was as though she were looking in a mirror. The girl looked exactly like her with the same dark hair and bright eyes. Her

smile was like Tami's, too, but Tami didn't see that.

"Hey there, Michael!" the girl said.

"Mina! Mina! Mina!" he said and hugged her.

"Mina, I'm so glad you could make it!" Edith said, "I know it was so last minute. Are you sure you don't mind babysitting?"

"Oh, of course not! Michael's always well behaved," she said.

"Well, thank you so much! Oh! Donald!" Edith called, "We have to go! Remember, Mikey's in bed by eight and we'll be back by eleven,"

The couple left with Judith, obviously dropping her off before heading off to wherever they were headed. Mina and Michael were left in the house. Michael never seemed so happy. Tami could tell by the way he looked at her that he had a crush on her. Most boys have a crush on their babysitters, though. She just never thought Michael would.

The scene seemed to be put on fast forward. Tami followed them when it played normally again up the stairs. There she watched as Mina tucked Michael in.

"Goodnight, Mikey," Mina said.

"Wait, don't go!" Michael whined.

"Why? What's wrong?" she asked

"He'll come and get me!" he squeaked.

"Who will?" she asked walking towards his bed again.

"The boogiemán!" he answered.

"The boogiemán?" she laughed, "Michael, there's no such thing,"

"But Sammy Blake said there was!"

"Who's Sammy Blake?"

"A boy a school,"

"Oh? And who do you think knows more? Me or Sammy? And besides, I won't let anyone hurt you while I'm here!"

"Promise?"

"I pinky promise!" she laughed and link her little finger in with the young Michael's.

"Will you stay in here with me until I fall asleep? Please?" Michael asked.

"Sure," she said and sat down next to him on the bed. She placed her arm around him and held him close to her. Then she began to sing a soft lullaby to him. She sat there and sang a song to which Tami realized she was making up as she went along (although it was very

impressive for such an impromptu performance) until Michael fell asleep.

The scene changed and Tami watched as Michael grew up and Mina babysat him and soon his new little sister. She watched them dancing one night with each other. She was certain Michael thought it was very romantic where Mina thought it was just very playful. Then she watched as Michael grew jealous of how much she liked playing with the baby. Mina assured him that she liked them both equally. Finally, she saw Mina find a hand-rolled cigarette in Judith's room and then confronting the teenage Judith about it. They got into a huge argument and Judith threatened to get Mina fired.

What the girls didn't see that Tami did was that Michael was listening. He was crying and hugging his knees like little boys aren't supposed to do.

The next scene was much worse. Michael was sitting on his mother's lap and sobbing. At first Tami thought that Mina must have been fired. Then she realized it was much worse.

"Why'd she have to die?" Michael sobbed, "Why'd she have to die?"

"I don't know, Mikey, I guess we just can't control our deaths," Edith said.

"I never told her!" he cried, "I never got to tell her!"

"Tell her what?" Edith asked.

"Tell her that I loved her,"

"Oh, honey. I'm sorry. I'm sure Mina knew that you loved her and I know she loved you very much,"

"No! I loved her like you love daddy! Now she'll never know!"

"Sweetie," but she didn't know what to say.

"Mina believed in heaven. Do you think she's there right now? Do you think she knows now?"

"Honey, I know if there is a heaven, Mina is definitely there. And I'm sure she'll be watching you," this gave Edith an idea, "Maybe God just couldn't wait to meet her. She was such a wonderful person that he wanted her to be home with him right then and there,"

"Really?"

"Really, really,"

"Mom?"

"Yes, honey?"

"How did she die?"

"Sheâ€|Had an accident. That's all,"

"An accident? Like a car accident?"

"Yes, just like a car accident,"

The scene changed again. It was later that day. Another, much older, babysitter came over to watch Michael and baby Laurie. Edith and Donald were going to the funeral as evident by the black they were wearing.

"If you don't mind me asking, what happened to the girl?" the elderly babysitter asked.

Edith looked around, but the kids weren't there. "Well," she whispered, "Her mother and father were divorced and after that her father became an alcoholic. He had been severely bipolar to begin with. Mina had never quite gotten along with him, either. He came home drunk that night and they got into a fight somehow. I guess it was an accident, but he pushed her down the basement stairs and she was killed when her head struck the prongs of a metal rake,"

"Oh, my lord! That's horrible!" the woman exclaimed.

"Yes. Michael was devastated. He had developed quite the crush on the young lady and she had been a great sitter. I couldn't tell Michael what really happened, but he believes it was a car accident. Try not to bring it up,"

"Of course not!"

For the final change, she was standing in the middle of a white room. She turned around to see Edith. This time, though, Edith seemed to know she was there.

"Please," she was sobbing, "Please. Please help my son! Please!"

Tami stared at her a little shocked. "Iâ€"I will," she said. Then she sat straight upright. She was back in the rundown Myers' house. The adult Michael was asleep on the floor beside her. She got up and stood over him.

"So Michael," she whispered looking down at him, "Is it me? Or do you still love her?"

She was dying to know, but afraid the answer was Mina.

Was it?

6. p3ch6: Clarice Black's Hunt

****Recap**:** Two years after Tami ran away from Smith's Grove, she found Michael in her new home town of Haddonfield. When they were reunited in the Myers' house, she realized Michael had been shot. Michael passed out and Tami dressed his wounds, then curling up on the couching and falling asleep. There, Edith Myers, Michael's mother, reached out and showed her bits of Michael's past including his babysitter, Mina, who looked exactly like Tami. Tami learned that Michael had fallen in love with Mina and was devastated the day she

was killed in an "accident" that she later found out was caused by Mina's drunken father pushing her down the stairs to her death. Edith begged Tami to help her son. Tami realized it was because of her resemblance to Mina that Michael was so fond of her.

****A/N****_: SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO so so so so so so sooooo sorry that I haven't updated in a long time! Thanks to everyone who reviewed! :) This next chapter may get confusing as I'm kind of leaving Michael and Tami for some of it and taking a look at another VERY important character (who I think you'll be very glad to hear about even though you don't know why yet!) and therefore, it may get a little confusing. But I promise it'll be good!_

_Thanks again to __**Luv4RobPattz**__ and __**SlasherXGirl**__! Glad you both like this!_

****Part 3: Michael's Mina****

****Chapter 6: Clarice Black's Hunt****

Clarice Black was a member of the government. According to her country, she didn't exist. She was never born, never raised, never lived, and never died. But she had done all of these things. Now she was assigned to a special sector of the FBI. Her current mission was to hunt down a dangerous killer with seemingly supernatural powers. This was Michael Audrey Myers. One Halloween, only a short while ago, he had broken out and killed several teens. He had attempted to kill Laurie Strode, or rather, Laurie Myers, his sister. Very few people knew this. Clarice was one of them.

Clarice had heard Michael's story before she was assigned to him. She had requested that if anything was wrong with him that she's be the one to find him. It was a sort of dark obsession she had with him. But it was deeper than that, although she'd never explain why.

Now she was in Smith's Grove Illinois. They, Clarice and her young partner Evander George, had just left the hospital.

"Where are we going now?" Evander asked glancing over into the passenger's seat where Clarice was sorting through a pile of photocopied paper and handwritten notes on Michael Myers.

"Give me a sec, will you?" she snapped and pulled out a small piece of paper from the bottom of the pile, "Ah! Here it is! This go to this address," she read the slip to him.

"Alright. What's there?" he asked.

"Evan, who's in charge here?"

"You are ma'am,"

"And who's an intern?"

"Me, ma'am,"

"Good. Now drive and don't ask stupid questions,"

He sighed. Never could he impress her. He could state the most amazing facts, but unless they were about Michael Myers, it hardly

mattered. She always seemed to be lost in a day dream of some faraway place or time.

Back in Haddonfield, Michael awoke to someone stroking his hair. Normally, he would have stabbed whoever it was, but his knife was no longer with him and a soft voice prevented him from doing anything.

"Morning, Mikey!" the girl chimed. He looked up to see Tami (dressed normally now) sitting next to him. "I made breakfast!" she announced, "Well, I made it at my house. Your house doesn't have gas or electricity or water. But that doesn't matter! I brought eggs from my place! Come on! I prepared a nice little breakfast for us!"

She stood up and pulled him to his feet. Then she led him to the kitchen where she had cleaned up the table a little bit and set up two plates. Michael noticed something strange about her, though. She was acting weird. He wanted to say something about it, but he didn't talk. He sat down and stared at his food. For some reason, he wasn't hungry today. It was probably the late night he had had murdering a bunch of innocent teens, but who knew?

"So how'd you sleep?" she asked with a bright smile. Tami could feel Edith watching her and rolling her eyes. Why was she trying to start a conversation with someone who was practically mute? Not the smartest idea. Michael just stared back at her.

There was another moment of silence. Tami wondered if her dream had been only that: a dream. Maybe Mina never even existed. But the question was eating her up inside like some sort of parasite.

"Did you know a girl named Mina?" she asked suddenly.

Mina? Mina? Did he know someone named 'Mina?' How did she know about Mina? Michael's eyes flashed up and he looked at her in shock.

Yes. Yes, he knew Mina.

Michael couldn't remember the first time he met her. It seemed her always knew her. She never seemed to age, but she was always older than him. He remembered another girl, too. Her name was Leah and she was Mina's older sister. She had been a babysitter until Mina was 13. How old was he then? 2? 3? He remembered the two coming over together to watch them.

Leah had been an ugly woman. She had freckles all over her. Where there weren't freckles, there had been pimples. Her hair was dull and always greasy. She always wore some sort of track suit that made her legs look like two sausages. She had horrible teeth and her nose was crooked, probably from breaking it as a kid.

But Mina was completely different. Her hair was shiny and she had the most beautiful smile. She dressed respectably: not too slutty and not completely covered up in some sort of baggy outfit. In the winter she had a coat on that she took off after she was inside and was usually wearing jeans, sneakers, and a long sleeved shirt under a T-shirt. In summer, she would wear capris or a skirt and a tank top. For fall, she always had a jean vest, a long sleeved shirt, and skinny jeans with a pair of cowboy boots.

Michael always liked her best in spring, though. She often wore flats or small heels as she got older with a dress or a skirt. Her shirts were always flowery and ruffled. But what he always loved was the fact that she had flowers from the park woven into her hair. They always made her smell nice.

One of his fondest memories of her was when she came to pick him up on Easter to bring him to the park for the big egg hunt all the children loved so much. She was probably fifteen then. She was wearing a pastel pink dress that went to her knee with silver heels that were open toed and had a large pink flower on the side. Her toes were painted pink like her fingernails and she was carrying a little purse over her shoulder. Her hair was braided and pink, yell, and white flowers were in it. She smiled at Michael, although he hardly recognized her.

"Ready to go, Mikey?" she asked.

"Mina?" he asked in shock. It only made her laugh.

"Of course! Who do you think I am? A kidnapper?" she joked as she picked him up. As he remembered, she was always strong, although her arms were thin.

Michael now stood up from his place at the table and began to walk away.

"Michael, wait!" Tami called, "Wait, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Michael. I didn't mean toâ€¦"

Michael sighed and looked back at her. Minaâ€¦ She looked like Tami. He now consciously realized that. He had always known there was a deeper reason to why he liked her, but he hadn't realized until now what it was. Was it really because of her resemblance to his late babysitter that he liked her? It was almost sad. Tami was innocent like Mina. Mina was very innocent. He was certain that even when she was in her early twenties and babysitting him that she was still a virgin. She likely never had been around drugs or alcohol while in high school. And Tami? She was innocentâ€¦ but she had that dark little secret. Maybe everyone who seems so pure is hiding something. What was Mina hiding, then?

He knew it wasn't fair to be mad at Tami for what happened to Mina. She didn't know the girl and she had nothing to do with the accident. It was Mina's father's fault, wasn't it?

Michael knew what really happened to Mina. He had known when the new babysitter came. He heard the old woman talking to his mother about it. That was the day he realized all people who were not innocent were evil. Alcohol was poison. Her father was poisoned by it and therefore he killed Mina. Judith had been smoking pot and he heard her arguing with Mina, threatening to get her fired. He hated to admit it, but she chose his victims. Anyone who wasn't Mina was dead to him.

Then there was Tami. She had acted like Mina when he first met her. She had looked like Mina. Subconsciously, she was Mina to him. He now tried to remind himself that Tami wasn't Mina. He tried imagining killing Tami (a simple task with any other victim) but it was now impossible. He had grown to love her because he tried to love

her. Now he couldn't hate her. And he didn't want to.

Michael took her hand and led her upstairs into his bedroom again. She sat down on the bed and Michael shoved his way into the closet. His hands groped about on the ground and found a loose floorboard he had taken out many times when he was little. He removed it now and reaching in, he pulled up a small wooden box. He brought it over and handed it to Tami as he sat down on the bed beside her.

Tami looked at the dark wooden box. On the lid was a black and white picture of a smiling girl of about thirteen or fourteen in a light colored dress who was holding a bouquet of flowers. The words under the picture were carved in by what appeared to be a child:

_**Mina Joyce King
>July 1968-March 1989_

Tami looked at the girl. She looked more like her little sister in that picture. It was the way her hair was. Like her little sister always loved to wear it.

Tami slowly lifted the lid off the box. Inside was a mess of scrap papers and a few other objects. There was a stack of pictures that she lifted out first. Some were black and white and others were in color. Mina was in all of them. They were in order, too, showing Mina and the family as they grew up. The first picture was of a young, flat-chested girl holding a baby. Next to her was an older girl who seemed to be a much heavier version of her. She flipped the picture around where it was written "Leah King: 16, Mina King: 11, Michael Myers: 5 months."

The next picture was the same two girls with a little girl. On the back, it indicated the youngest girl was a 7-year-old Judith. Tami wondered why Michael kept this one. Didn't he hate Judith? She would have asked, but knew that A) that was personal, and B) he couldn't talk and wouldn't be able to answer her.

After that, she saw a twelve-year-old Mina holding Michael while Leah held Judith. After the picture where Mina was thirteen Leah disappeared and there were more than one picture for each age. At fourteen, Mina's long hair was in pigtails that must have been a foot long as evident by a picture where she was hanging upside-down from her knees on the monkey bars at a playground wearing big sunglasses. Fifteen, there was a lot more of her and Michael. There was one of them both on the steps holding a kitten. Tami didn't know if it was they Myers kitten or Mina's, but she assumed it to be Mina's as she never remembered anything about the Myers' owning a cat.

There were at least fifty pictures. Ones that stood out to her though were Mina at fourteen at Michael's birthday party in the back yard. The party was actually a series of three photos. One was just a group a kids sitting around the picnic table. Mina was there playing with a bunch of the children. The next was Michael getting served a piece of cake by Mina and looking at it in disgust. The last was Mina on the ground covered in cake that had obviously been thrown at her by the kids. She had a huge smile on her face even though her lovely pastel dress was completely ruined.

There was another of her at a much older age with Michael in a tree that they had climbed. There was one of Michael, Judith, and Mina all

asleep on the couch. Mina playing with Michael in the woods on a hike. Swimming in a lake on a summer's day. Michael kissing Mina on the cheek around Christmas time under the mistletoe. And a Christmas card from Mina's family connected with a paperclip to one of a family reunion for Mina's family. It was strange. Some of the people looked slightly familiar to Tami, but she assumed that that only made sense as the strange resemblance they shared.

What Tami did learn was that Mina had been a huge part of Michael's life, similar to a sister, it seemed. One much better than Judith, too.

"Michael, you really did love her, didn't you?" she asked, but Michael wasn't looking at her. He was lost in a memory that Tami desperately wanted to be in with him, but how was that possible.

She sighed and closed the box. "Michael, you do know that it's not safe for you to stay here, don't you?" she asked. Michael obviously didn't answer, so she continued, "You can stay in the old barn on Holden Road. No one ever goes in there now. It's too hard to get to. I can bring you things every day like food. I'll be there whenever I can, I promise,"

Away in a little town outside of Smith's Grove, Clarice got out of the car. "Just stay here. I'll be out soon," she told Evander. Then she walked up to the front door and knocked on it. An older man opened it. "Dr. Sam Loomis?" she asked and the man nodded, "I'm Officer Clarice Black," she flashed her badge, "I need to talk to you about something. May I come in?"

Samuel Loomis looked at her with surprise, but had almost expected something like this to happen. "Yes, of course," he said and stepped aside. He led her to the living room and had her sit down in a chair across from where he sat on the couch. "Would you like me to get you something? Coffee?"

"No, thank you," she replied, "Now you probably have already guessed this, but I'm here to talk to you about Michael Myers,"

"Yes. I assumed so," he paused and looked at her for a moment longer than was normal. Clarice ignored this.

"Is now a bad time?" she asked politely.

"No, not at all," he replied and looked her in the eye. Then he squinted at her.

"I can leaveâ€"

"Oh!" his face lit up with surprise and realization, "I hardly recognized you,"

"It's been a while, doctor," she said.

7. p3ch7: Mina Lives

****Recap**:** Tami looks through some of Michael's old pictures of Mina and realizes just how much he meant to her. She decides that he will be safer if he goes to an old abandoned barn where she can take care

of him and protect him. Meanwhile, Clarice Black goes to see Dr. Loomis about Michael Myers.

****A/N****: Sorry I haven't written anything here in about six months! I'm sorry! But I wrote a lot this time to make up for it! (It's five pages on Word!) As always, thanks to everyone reading this!

****SlasherXGirl****-Thank you so much! Let's see if your prediction comes true here! ^^

****Forgetmenotflowers****-Thanks! Let's see if you like her more in this chapter!

****Part 3: Michael's Mina****

****Chapter 7: Mina Lives****

"Just a few more daysâ€¦Just a few more daysâ€¦Nothing is going to hurt me nowâ€¦just a few moreâ€¦" a frantic stammering came from the room down the hall. Tami's eyes opened when she heard it. Rising from bed she ventured out from the safety of her room and into the long, black hallway.

"Hello?" she called lightly with a tang of fear that she hadn't known for the longest time playing on her tongue. "Isâ€¦Is someone there?" she crept down the hall to a room where the door was slightly ajar, allowing for a triangle of light to pour out; an arrow on the ground that led her into the unknown terror that awaited her.

With her hand on the cold, hard wood of the chestnut-colored door, she could feel her neck begin to moisten with sweat. She took a breath and wiped her palms on her nightgown. Then, reluctantly, she forced herself to open the door. It creaked open with a painful wail. She blinked to allow her eyes to adjust to the new light. Then, her gaze rested on the soul figure in the room. A child with long, black hair curled up in a corner of her bed with her back to the door was rocking back and forth and muttering calming words to herself. It frightened Tami as more of that unrecognizable fear clutched her in its grasp.

"Magnolia?" she asked, looking at her little sister. The shivering little girl flinched. Slowly, she lifted her head up. "Maggie? Areâ€¦are you alright? What's wrong?"

"Tabithaâ€¦" the black-haired girl sobbed. She turned towards her older sister. Tears of blood ran down her cheek from one eye. Where that delicate blue eye should have been was only a bloody, gory mess of tissue. "I can't see, Tabby. I can't see anymoreâ€¦"

Tami, or Tabby, as was her true name, screamed. What she felt was that full-on long forgotten painful fear that she had only known once in her life. Her heart beat so fast the she wouldn't have been surprised if it exploded in her chest and killed her. And she felt guilt. Could she have saved her? Maggie? MAGGIE?

Inhaling quickly, Tami's eyes shot open. Her breathing was heavy and her heart was racing. Her eyes and cheeks were wet from tears. But Maggie was no longer there. It was dark now. A strange warmth seemed to be wrapped around her. Turning her head slightly, she saw Michael,

his hair covering his naked face, sleeping as he held her close to him. He was protecting her and Tami remembered where she was.

"It was only a dream, Tamiâ€¦" she said to herself quietly, "Only a dreamâ€¦"

Or rather, a memory. Her sister lost her eye because of their uncle. Hitting her with a belt, the metal buckle pierced her eye. Tami had discovered this at night. She had an archery lesson that day. When she walked home to her house, her uncle who lived with the family because he was too much of a drunkard to hold a job was asleep on the couch and snoring loudly. Her father had picked her up on his way home from work and her mother was on a business trip. After helping her father, just back from a trip himself, with his bags, she went to bed. That night was when she heard her sister in the next door bathroom crying. She held a towel up to her eye as it bled all over the counter. That was the day she learned of her sister's abuse.

She should have gone to her father right there and then. She knew, though, that her mother would have to quit her job in order to take care of her daughters. For this reason, neither of them told anyone. Both parents had to work so that they could pay for the house and food and their uncle's drinking habits. It was a hard, painful life. But they had to get by.

When she matured to an adult, Tami realized how stupid it was for them not to tell. It would have made everything better. As children, though, they couldn't see that.

Back at Loomis' house, Clarice sat at the table as the doctor made coffee for himself.

"I'm just saying that this is a very bad idea. I told you when you came to me fifteen years ago that this was a bad idea, but I think it's an even worse idea now," Loomis was saying.

"I know your opinion, but the point is that for the past fifteen years, I have been on this case. I'll admit I haven't done anything yet, but I'm going to stop this thing in its tracks," the dark haired girl replied.

"Stop it? How do you intend to stop it? Lock him up? You seemed quite opposed to that in the letter you sent me. Kill him? No, you wouldn't do that, would you? You couldn't. And besides, I shot him six times in the chest and he simply got up and walked away."

"We need to control Michael. He's harmlessâ€¦"

"Harmless? He's harmless, is he? What do you think will help? You're going to talk to him? You can't just confront him. He'll believe he's seen a ghost."

"I could talkâ€¦"

"GOD DAMMIT, MINA!" he said slamming his fist down on the table. Clarice immediately stood up.

There was a silence as Clarice stared at him. "They're going to kill him, doctor. And if not, they'll lock him up in chains so that he won't be able to move. I knew him as a child and I know him

now."

"You know nothing of him. He's not the child you used to know, Mina."

"Mina King died in a car accident when she was seventeen, doctor. He'll remember."

"I don't doubt it. But what about Mina Clark?"

"Mina Clark is going to give her little sister a visit."

Loomis froze at her words. "Sister?"

"Thank you, doctor, for your help." She spun around and headed for the door. Back in the car, Evander was looking at her. She simply glared back at him.

"Evander, it's time that you knew something about me. This may shock you. My name is Mina Maria Joyce Clark. My parents are two government agents. As a little girl, I was forced to become an agent. I trained long and hard. I moved to a small town with another family so that I would be away from my sisters. I didn't want them to become what I was. The only way I could think to do this was to distance myself from them. I lived a seemingly normal life with another family up here in Illinois. I dealt with child killers all the time. I was to make sure that they were actually to blame as well as were put in the right place. What I wasn't expecting was to babysit for a family that I became so close to. The sister in this family was a little younger than I was, but after lying about my age, I was a lot older."

"How many years?" Evander asked.

"What?" Mina replied confused.

"How many years did you lie about?"

"What does that have to-? Oh, never mind. I was two years younger than I said I was. I looked it, though, and being able to put on all of that makeup helpedâ€"

"Why?"

"What? I'm trying to tell a story! I had to look older because when I was 9, the agent who was portraying my sister was 23 and made herself look 16 so that it would be believable that we were sisters. Now are you going to shut up and let me continue?"

The timid young man nodded.

"The family was the Myers family. Leah who played my sister had been in the town for years and was going to train me. She babysat the young Myers girl. When I moved there, I was nine. Since she knew that she would have to leave within three years, I needed to learn to babysit and look like a normal teenage girl. At the age of eleven, it seemed acceptable that I would be able to babysit with my older sister. A few months after I got there, Michael Myers was born. Judith and Michael were both very pleasant as children. When I was eleven and playing thirteen, it seemed only right that I could babysit them both on my own. Judith never really liked me. She was

one of those girls who didn't think she needed a babysitter. But little Michael absolutely did. I was his babysitter for ten years. I knew him since he was born. He became like my little brotherâ€¦"

She paused, lost in a memory again. She was fifteen years old. She was fighting with her stage father, Maxwell, in the basement. Or, rather, training with him. Flipping, pushing off the wall into a backflip, spinning, jumping, and lunging. Suddenly she miss-stepped and fell on her back.

"Son of a bitch!" she grunted and she rolled to the side and back onto her feet.

"I honestly don't know how you do it, Mina," Maxwell said, "You cuss and fight and act like the toughest girl I know at home, but out there, you're the sweetest, most innocent thing ever." He grabbed a bucket and threw it at her.

"Well, it's really what I do, Max! I guess I'm just a great actress!" she dodged his attack.

"And you enjoy it?" he grabbed a shovel.

"With the Myers, I do. Michael's the sweetest kid I know!" she cartwheeled over to where a rake was.

"Good. I hope you don't mind doing a little acting tonight?" he asked as he went to hit her with the shovel.

She blocked it with the pole of the rake and flipped the shovel out of his hands. "Of course not! I frigging love seeing that kid!" she pinned him to the wall.

"Alright, then. Enough for the night. Time for you to get to work!" he said.

"Great! Can I borrow the car?"

"You're only fifteen!"

"No, I'm seventeen, remember?"

"Alright, then! Hurry up!"

She ran to the door and got ready for the night. Walking in, she remembered hearing her name being called as little Michael ran down the hall. She scooped him up and immediately remembered that she shouldn't have been that strong. Normal teenage girls who were as short and as tiny as she was couldn't lift six year olds. But Michael never seemed to care.

"Mina! So glad you could come!" Edith said as she always did.

"Miss Black? Ummâ€¦Miss Black? You were saying somethingâ€¦?" Evander asked.

Mina snapped out of her memory and looked at the boy again. "Right. I'm sorryâ€¦As I was saying, I became very close to Michael. He obviously had a crush on me as all little boys did with their babysitters. But I loved him, too. I thought of him as a brother.

Soon, though, this became too dangerous. I had to leave and there was no way I could do it and lose contact with the Myers. Therefore, my father in that town decided it would be easier for me to fake my own death. He always had a creative way of doing so, saying I fell down the stairs and hit my head. This, though, had to be changed for reasons I still don't understand to him abusing me. After that was when Michael killed his sister. It was upsetting for me, but that's why I requested to watch over him, even though I was not investigating children anymore. I came back from Springwood, Ohio and gave up on the Elm Street case to work on Michael's case. When he was locked up, I confronted his doctor and explained who I was. I made sure that Michael would never know about whom I really was and that I could protect him. I even portrayed a nurse once just to make sure he was happy.

"It wasn't long, though, before I got the news that my sister, Tabitha, had murdered her boyfriend and our uncle. Rightfully, so, too. Our uncle was abusive towards our youngest sister. Her boyfriend was cheating on her and planned to rape and murder his new girlfriend. Tabby, of course, didn't know that about her boyfriend. Still, I wanted to help her and Michael so I led her to the hospital Michael was at. She became a nurse there and was very, very good. Michael, no doubt, fell in love with her. And now I need to find her to find him."

"You're going to try to protect him, aren't you? You're trying to save him?" Evander asked, "We're supposed to capture him!"

"Evander, need I remind you that 1) I'm in charge here, 2) I have a loaded gun in my pocket, and 3) no one would believe you? Now drive."

8. p3ch8: Hold You Close and Never Let Go

****Recap****: Clarice Black is actually Mina King who is actually Mina Clark. She is a government agent who faked her death and babysat Michael Myers. She wants to protect him at all costs. She is also the sister of Tabitha Clark who is now known as Tami. She begins her search for Michael.

****A/N**** Alright! I updated! Well, sadly, I won't be able to update for at least three weeks. Well, you probably all expected that anywaysâ€¦But I definitely won't update in three weeks. After that, I definitely will! Woohoo! Making promises!

Thanks so much to ****forgetmenotflowers****! Glad you like it!

****Domo2010****, yay! I'm now a drug dealer! Hope you like this one, too!

Review for more! :)

****Part 3: Michael's Mina****

****Chapter 8: Hold You Close and Never Let Go****

****One Week Later****

Tami may have been in love and cared about Michael, but she still had an apartment and a job that she needed to stay with. She also had to keep a secret from the world.

As she was walking home that night, she imagined running away with Michael. They could escape the world. Just go away to anywhere. Somewhere warm. By the beach. Somewhere it would never rain and life was perfectâ€|

But she knew that was simply a dream. It was unreachable and insane. She was reaching for the moon and it was crazy.

A girl could dreamâ€|

Walking into her apartment at midnight, Tami searched the wall for the light switch. Before she found it, though, they came on. Standing a few feet away from her was a girl with dark hair. She was a little older than Tami, but there was something strangely familiar about her.

"Hello, Tabby," the girl said.

Tami backed up against the wall. "Who are you?"

"Oh, sorry, Tabs. Guess I thought you would just know. But I guess I haven't seen you in about twenty years."

"Do I know you?"

"Yes."

Tami looked at the girl like she was insane. And perhaps she was.

"My name is Mina Clark. Although this is sad, you will know me as Mina King."

"Mina's dead."

"No, I faked my death. Oh, and here's the funny thing. I'm also your sister."

"Oh. Oh, really? Is that so?" Tami took a breath, "I find this hard to believe, but I can't help but do soâ€|"

"Tabby, I know this is a lot to take in at once, but I have something to show you," Mina dug into her pocket and pulled out a picture. Three children were in it. One looked very familiar to Tami and she quickly realized why: it was a picture of her. She was about two years old and was sitting on the lap of a girl who looked like she was eleven or twelve. A baby was being cradled in the oldest girl's arms. It was true, then. Mina was her sister. As a child, she was told about her older sister who had gone off to school in Ohio. She only met her once, but had the exact same picture when she was at home. Then Mina showed her a second picture. It was a very similar looking picture with the same girl wearing makeup and holding a baby, but where Tami had been was a much older girl. This was the Myers family.

"Ohâ€|" Tami couldn't stop staring at the picture, but she was really

staring past it.

"Tabby, listen to me. You're about to pass out," Mina took her arm and pulled her over to the couch. There, Tami passed out. "Well," Mina said putting her hand on her hips, "I guess that's that. Alexander-"

"Evander, ma'am," Evander corrected.

"Oh, shut up. I need you to watch her well I go run an errand, alright?" Mina asked, but she expected his protest. The kid was difficult like that.

To her surprise, though, he replied, "Alright."

Mina stared at him. "Why?"

"Youâ€¦|You asked me to, ma'amâ€¦|?"

Mina stared at him and then at her sister. Tami didn't wear much makeup, but she really didn't need it. Mina's skin had been ruined over time because of all the makeup she had worn at a young age. She now had to wear it to look nice. Tami, in short, may have looked an awful lot like Mina at a younger age, but now it was clear that Tami was much more beautiful than Mina would ever had been. She knew that Evander had wanted to be put with Mina purely based on her looks. It was a known fact that he had a crush on her for years. But now Mina could see that Tami, who was a few years younger than Evan, was only an object of his affection. How sweet.

"Whatever. I'll be back in a few hours at most." And then she left.

It was a short drive to the Myers' house. Mina walked through the door which oddly had never been boarded up like most abandoned buildings. But she was quite glad that it wasn't.

Walking through the door, she remembered how she used to do so. Michael always came running to her. When he didn't, she would go upstairs to find him playing in his room where he would immediately smile and run to hug her.

She now carefully walked up the stairs and turned the corner to Michael's bedroom. Nothing had really seemed to change. She half expected to feel the tight grip of a little blonde-haired child around her. She turned around and walked across the hall to Judith's room. There, was pulled into a memory.

Mina walked into the house and was quickly greeted in the usual way: Michael hugged her and the Myers' told her to not let them stay up too late and that they'd be back at ten and then they left. Michael was soon watching TV with his head on Mina's lap and his feet stretched out on the couch. Mina realized that she hadn't seen Judith in the half hour she'd been there. She patted Michael's hair and whispered to him that she'd be back in a moment. Then she got up and visited Judith's room. This was when she found a cigarette in Judith's room and blew up on her trying to tell her that she shouldn't be on the drugs that were in it because they'd mess her up. Then they both got into a huge argument which resulted in Michael sobbing on the couch listening to them.

Mina shook her head and sighed. She closed the door and leaned against the wall.

Oh, Michael, where are you? She thought. She trudged towards the guest room that was also a study and a playroom for Michael. It was also a room she stayed in sometimes.

There was once a day when she was 15 that Michael's parents had to be out of town overnight. Mina had to sleep over at the house and watch the children. It was at night when she was in bed that a tiny hand was shaking her awake.

Opening her eyes, she saw little Michael with tears on his cheeks.

"Mikey? What's wrong?" Mina asked sitting up. The boy was already kneeling on the side of her bed.

"I had a nightmare," the child whined.

"I told you, Michael, I won't let anyone hurt you. Do you want me to check for monsters?"

"No. It wasn't a monster this time! I had a dream that you died!" he sobbed, "I don't want you to die, Mina! I don't want you to die!"

"Oh, Michael," she said and embraced him, "I'll fix it. I'll make it alright."

"How?" he asked.

"I'll hold you close and never let go," she said and hugged him tighter.

"How will that help?"

"As long as I can hold you, you'll know that you're safe. As long as you can hold me, you'll know that I'm safe. Alright?"

He nodded. "I love you, Mina."

"I love you too, sweetie."

Blinking her eyes, Mina snapped out of the memory. A tear now fell from her eye. "I'm sorry, Michael," she breathed.

It was about this time that Michael, away in the barn, woke up. Whether it was some telepathic connection or just a matter of the cold, he abruptly awoke. He rapidly scanned his surroundings but soon assured himself that he was alone. He stood up and decided that, for whatever reason, he'd put his mask on. Why not take a little trip home. Tami said not to do that. No, no. She said that would be very bad of him.

But would she really know? If he went quickly, would she ever know? Nothing would happen to him. No one would dare hurt him. And she would never know. Never ever.

For this reason, he found his way to an underground tunnel that, for whatever reason, led to three different places: the barn, a spot in the woods, and his house.

It was simple for him to sneak into his house. He clutched a large knife as he ascended the stairs of the cellar to the hallway by the main stairs. As he emerged from the basement, he heard footsteps. His hand snapped up as he secretly watched a girl come down the stairs. She looked familiar, but it was hard to tell at night in the shadows.

He caught a glimpse of the girl's profile and quickly recognized Tami's silhouette. He lowered the knife. Never hurt Tami. Tami was delicate. Never hurt Tami.

But would Tami be mad at Michael? Would she be mad that Michael was here and not there? There at the barn? Maybe. Mustn't upset Tami, either. As she came closer, the only thing to do was slip into the shadows and debate it some more. That is exactly what he did. He disappeared into the darkness in the kitchen as Tami walked in. He observed her. She seemedâ€|different. Strange and unusual.

When she sat down with her back to him at the table, she was positioned in the moonlight. Now he could see her quite clearly. And she was certainly not Tami. His instinct told him to kill her. How dare she trespass? How dare she be in his house?

But he couldn't move. Something told him to not to slit her tender throat and spill her scarlet blood. Something told him that this was someone he loved.

Loved?

Did he love someone? Someone besides Tami? Did he really even love Tami? He often wondered if it was Tami or her likeness to Minaâ€|

Mina!

Now he understood. He was hallucinating again. He was seeing Mina. An older Mina. Mina as a woman. This vision was strange, though. He often saw Mina, but always as a girl; as a young lady. Now he was seeing her as she would look today. In her early thirties. She still looked young, though. She had always looked young. What did he do now though?

"Hello, Michael Myers," the vision murmured.

He tilted his head. Mina's voice. It was perfect. He had forgotten what it sounded like. And his visions of her usually never spoke. This was an odd vision. A very odd one.

"What, no hug this time?" she asked as she stood up.

Why? He hugged her and held her before, but it didn't help. He must have not hugged and held her close enough. She still died. He must have let go.

She now turned to him with a small smile on her face. She walked towards him. She was so short. But he was so tall now, too. And she

seemed delicate, but still brave and strong. Exactly as he remembered.

"I'm sorry Michael. I didn't mean to hurt you. But I came back," she said.

Why was she apologizing? He didn't like it. It wasn't her fault. Why was she saying this?

"Mikey, it's really me." She touched his chest with her small hand.

Michael leaped back. She was Mina! Real Mina! Why? How?...What? Confusion swept over him. Mina wasâ€|Alive?

She pulled the mask off of him so that she could see his face. It was a look of terror and confusion. His mouth was slightly ajar and his soft eyes were wide open. Mina smiled lightly to try to make him comfortable. Then she wrapped her arms around his head and cradled it close to her body.

"It's alright. It's alright. It's going to be okay. I'll make it okay," she mused in his ear, "I'll hold you close and never let go," she hooked her little finger around his, "I promise."

End
file.